Cat. He will doe all in all as Haſtings doth.
Buc. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings* how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, if he be willing,
Encourage him, and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels,
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Miſtris *Shore*, one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there ſhall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buck. Ile claime that promiſe at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the coore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maiſter ſleepe the tedious nights?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First

First he commends him to your nob
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* And then
He dreamt to night, the Boare had c
Beſides he ſayes, there are two coun
And that may be determined at the
Which may make you and him to re
Therefore he ſends to know your L
If preſently you will take horſe with
And with all ſpeede poſt into the N
To ſhun the danger that his ſoule di
Haſt. Good fellow go, returne vn
Bid him not feare the ſeparated cou
His Honour and my ſelfe are at the
And at the other is my ſeruant *Cate*
Where nothing can proceed that to
Whereof I ſhall not haue intelligen
Tell him his feares are ſhallow, want
And for his dreames, I wonder he is
To truſt the mockerie of vnquiet ſl
To flye the Boare before the Boare
Were to incence the Boare to follo
And make purſuite where he did m
Go, bid thy maiſter riſe and come
And we will both together to the T
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare will vſ
Meſ. My gracious Lord, Ile tell hi

Enter Catesby to L. Haſt.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my
Haſt. Good morrow *Catesby*: you
What newes, what newes, in this our
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtand vpri
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the
Haſt. Who? weare the Garland?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne of mine
Ere I will ſee the Crowne ſo foule m
But canſt thou geſſe that he doth ay
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and ho

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.51)